THREE

ELEGIES

UPON THE

Much Lamented Loss

OFOUR

Late MOST GRACIOUS

Queen MARY.

The Words of the two First by M' Herbert.

The latter out of the Oxford Verse;

And Sett to MUSICK by

D' Blow and M' Henry Purcell.

LONDON.

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3. May.

The QUEEN's Epicedium.

By Mr. Herbert.

O, Lesbia, no, you ask in vain, My Harp, my Mind's unstrung; When all the World's in tears, in pain: Do you require a Song?

See, see how ev'ry Nymph and Swain Hang down their pensive Heads, and weep! No Voice nor Pipe is heard in all the Plain; So great their Sorrows, they neglect their Sheep.

The Queen! the Queen of Arcadie is gone! Lesbia, the Loss can't be exprest; Not by the deepest Sigh, or Grone, Or Throbbings of the Breaft.

Ah! poor Arcadians! how they mourn! O the Delight, and Wonder of their Eyes! She's gone! and never, never must return; Her Star is fixt, and Thines beyond the Skies.

Panthea's Eye was over all the Land; She fuccour'd many Tender Lambs: And took delight to feed, with Her own Hand, Whole Flocks of Weak, Decaying Dams.

The Pastors, they were Her peculiar Care. How She regarded Those within the Pale! Daily She Offer'd up Unblemisht Pray'r, And ev'ry Moon She Sacrific'd, for All.

The

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The Queen's Epicedium. Set by Dr. Blow.











Latine Redditum.

INcassum, Lesbia, incassum rogas, Lyra mea, Mens est immodulata; Terrarum Orbe lacrymarum pleno, Dolorum: rogitas tu cantilenam?

En Nymphas! En Pastores! caput omne reclinat Juncorum instar! admodum sletur; Nec Galatea canit, nec ludit Tityrus agris: Non curant oves, mœrore perditi.

Regina! heu! Arcadiæ Regina
Periit! O! Damnum non exprimendum;
Non, non suspiriis, gemitibus imis,
Pectoris aut queruli singultu turbido.

Miseros Arcadas! O quam lugentes!
Suorum Gaudium Oculorum, Mirum
Abiit! nunquam, O nunquam reversurum!
Stella sua sixa cœlum ultra lucet.

Panthea, totos vigil per agros, Teneros Agnos plurimos nutrivit: Delectata manu pascendo propria Integros Matrum greges ægrarum.

Pastores proprium sibi peculium; Hos sepem intra quam bene curavit! Oblatis Precibus indies immaculatis, Noviluniis, pro Omnibus sacrificavit! Latine Redditum. Henricus Purcell.



Nymphas, omne reclinat, jun-corum, jun-corum, jun-corum ludit, nec lu—dit Ti—tyrus agris: non curant, non curant, non cu—rant







O Dive custos Auriacæ Domus, Et spes labantis certior imperi, O rebus adversis vocande, O superum decus in secundis!

Seu te fluentem pronus ad Isida In vota fervens Oxonidum chorus, Seu te precantur, quos remoti Unda lavat properata Cami;

Descende cœlo, non ita creditas Visurus ædes præsidiis tuis, Descende, visurus penates Cæsaris, & penetrale sacrum.

Maria Musis sebilis occidit; Maria, gentis deliciæ breves! O sete Mariam, Camænæ! Flete, Dea moriente, Divæ!

Henricus Purcell.



BELL' DE



fervens, 0. 0. 0. 0. -dum Chorus, seu te pre-cantur, quos re--moni-dum Chorus, seu te pre-cantur, quos re-mo-ti lavat prope seu te pre-cantur, quos re-moti, Cami, lavat prope seu te pre- cantur, quos re-moti







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